Masquerade

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Masquerade

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Who lurks behind the mask? There's been a series of murders in town, and there are no leads. It's like a masquerade, they know what mask they're looking for, but no idea who could be behind it.

OR

Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter as Ghostface, my personal take on a Hanninal NBC and Scream 1 Alternate Universe.

Notes

I hope to have this whole work published by Halloween, because what better time for a Scream AU than spooky season?

Enjoy!

Rating is subject to change, and tags will be added as chapters are updated.

See the end of the work for more notes

Beverly Katz

Between the shitty actors and the even shittier writing, there is pleasure to be found in sitting down to watch a classic horror film.

The very first watch through, you'll miss so many details and absorb only the main plot. The second, you'll notice a bit more, like writing in a mirror in the background.

But if you're Beverly Katz, you'll get it the very first time around, and still come back for more, just in case you might've missed something.

The gore does not make her blink, and the practiced screams make her smile each time. She is just fascinated by the story lines that put her in the shoes of the investigators.

Who is the slasher?

It's her favorite way to spend her Friday evenings. She'll find a horror movie down at the video shop that she's never heard of, and watch it to see if she can figure it out before the reveal.

99% of the time, she's got it deduced before the second hour.

Tonight, she pops stove popcorn—the kind with extra butter—and sets up her living room for a movie marathon. She's got three that she wants to watch tonight, so she brews a pot of coffee.

Her friends are all too preoccupied hitting the town tonight to even consider her invitation to come watch these movies with her. She doesn't give a shit though, because she will have just as much fun all by herself.

Or at least she thought she would be all by herself.

She rolls her eyes as the phone starts to ring just as she had gotten all cuddled into her blankets on the couch. On the fourth ring, she pulls herself off of the couch and jogs to the kitchen where the phone rests on the countertop.

"Hello?" She greets, hopping up onto the counter she just snatched the phone off of. It's warm to the touch with the dishwasher running underneath.

"Hello." The caller greets, but there is silence following. Usually, a caller will explain their reason for dialing during this time in the scripted interaction. Beverly waits.

"Who is this?" The mysterious caller asks. Bev does not recognize the voice at all, and it sounds artificial. This is starting off to be a really lame prank call. She'll have to teach this prankster how to make a better call once they reveal themselves.

“I don’t want to give you my name,” She slides off of the counter and lands with both feet. Bev pours her first cup of coffee from the coffee pot as she waits yet again. Patience is best with these amateur pranksters.

In her mind she runs through who this could be. Maybe Jimmy Price? No, he would’ve broken out in laughter already.

“It’s dangerous to give your name out to strangers, you’re a smart girl,” The stranger praises, and Beverly taps her fingers against her mug. The next time the voice speaks, it’s teasing and strangely endearing, “You got a boyfriend?”

“Nah, dating isn’t really my thing,” Bev says honestly, putting the pot on the warmer that’s built into the top of her machine.

“Really? I’d think that an attractive woman like yourself would be swarmed by pathetic men,” He says, “You’d have your choice, surely.”

“You don’t even know what I look like. And who said I’m not being swarmed? I’ve had to tell Zeller to fuck off about twenty times now.” Beverly rolls her eyes as she recalls the pathetic man who insists that they’d be good together.

“So you prefer to stay single,” The voice realizes, “Even though you could have your pick of the bunch. Maybe I could take you out some time. You’d look stunning in red.”

“I’m not really interested,” Beverly has to hold back her laugh.

“Suit yourself, gorgeous. The least you could do is give me your name.” The voice asks yet again, and Bev picks up her coffee cup again.

“Why do you want my name so badly?”

“So I can know who I’m looking at.”

“Not funny, creep.” She feels a shiver go down her back. Even if it’s just a joke, it’s successful in making her squirm. She lives out in the middle of nowhere, nobody would be lurking around this late. “I’ve got coffee cooling, and popcorn going stale in the other room. You’ve got the wrong number.” Beverly lowers the brick phone from her ear and hits the hang up button.

She doesn’t even have time to set it back down into the counter before it’s ringing again. Bev huffs and accepts the call.

“No, no. I know I’ve got the correct number,” The artificial voice chastises. A beat of silence before he speaks again, “You made popcorn? I only have popcorn when I go to the movies.”

“Well that’s fitting, since I’m watching three movies tonight,” Beverly moves into the living room with her coffee, and she blows on it before taking a sip. It burns her throat as she swallows.

“Oh? Which films? Maybe I’ve seen one.”

“Horror movies. Just some older ones I’ve been recommended by classmates.” She picks one up off the floor and pops it into the TV. After a few moments of processing, the title screen pops up.

Carrie, from 1976 pops up, but the volume on the TV is off. Beverly looks for the volume knob to fix it.

But the voice is speaking before she can get to the other side of the TV, “Carrie? I’ve seen that one. I think you’ll enjoy it, it’s a good one.”

Beverly’s skin crawls yet again with fear, but she pretends not to care, “Yeah, I think I’ll hang up now so I can watch it. Thanks for calling.” And without hesitation, she ends the call.

The ring that follows immediately makes her jump. She doesn’t want to pick up.

Bev clicks the accept button and raises it to her ear, but the raised voice on the other end makes her pull the phone away slightly.

“It’s extremely rude to hang up the phone before the conversation is done, Beverly, and we’re not done talking.”

“You’re freaking me out, I don’t want to talk with you.” Her breathing has increased without her notice. The caller, of course, does notice.

“Anxiety has a startling grip over the human population.” The voice purrs, “You have to convince yourself that the lion is not in the room,”

She hears her front door window smash, and the lock clicks, “When it is, I assure you, you will know it.”

The line goes dead.

The front door audibly swings open, but by the time she’s made it to investigate, there’s nobody there. Beverly tries to listen, but the sound of her heart in her own ears is louder than any sounds in the house.

Instinctively, Beverly rushes to the kitchen to grab the largest meat knife they have. She really wishes now that they had better maintained the family knife set. There’s blemishes all over it, and she knows it’ll leave jagged cuts.

Beverly slips off her slippers, and her bare feet are almost silent against the tile of her kitchen. She gets low, and she goes for the breaker just on the other side of the wall.

Whoever is in her home already has the massive disadvantage of being in an unfamiliar environment, but it’s wise for Bev to add onto it by putting him in complete darkness.

She cuts the power with a flip of the switch on the breaker, and it suddenly goes silent and pitch black. The only light is the moon that creeps into the windows.

Her breathing is too loud, and she can't control it. She covers her mouth, and she holds her knife in one hand, sharp out towards the empty space she thinks is lurking with a killer.

Bev tries not to let the panic set in, and she stands again, cringing when her bones make popping noises as they adjust.

She rounds the counter, and enters the living room. She really wishes her parents told her where they keep the gun safe just about now.

The patio door is locked, and with her back to the door, she slowly unlocks it. It makes a slight click that sounds much too loud when her life is on the line. With her back still to the glass, she slides the door open.

The tracks are old, but thankfully, her mom keeps them in good condition, so they don't screech too loudly. Just when it's open enough, she slips through it. For just a beat she considers closing the door, but then she realizes that she can't lock it. The killer would know that she left out the back due to that detail, anyways, so it's pointless wasting time.

She goes slowly from toe to heel as she walks backwards across her back lawn. If she makes it to the forest, then she can start running. Town is only two miles North. She could make it.

Bev came up with a smart plan indeed, but Ghostface is smarter.

She's grabbed by the throat before she even heard him. It's a headlock, and her assailant has a perfect grip on her. Beverly tries to look into his eyes, but when she looks back, she sees a mask that immediately sparks recognition to the painting "Scream" by Edvard Munch.

Bev immediately snaps her hands up to try to remove the man's grip from her neck, but all that manages to do is wield her knife to leave a jagged cut across his arm. She cuts the black fabric that drapes over his body, and she can smell the blood draining out.

The man only squeezes tighter, and Beverly loses her grip on the knife due to it. Her face has gone purple now, and she can just barely move.

She reaches for him, trying to remove his mask. Beverly knows this is it, but maybe it would bring her closure in death to know who took her life.

Beverly pulls at the mask, and she's able to pull it off with the last heavy flop of her arm when she cannot hold it up anymore. Recognition flares in her eyes, and she mouths,

"You."

The Primavera

Squeezing the life from Beverly Katz was just as easy as he had expected. When they planned this, each of them took into account the fact that Beverly is extremely wise, and quick on her feet.

But, she would not be able to match their level of intellect. Outsmarting Beverly was the first easy part, and strangling her was the next.

The unaccounted part of this plan came with the five inch long gash along his forearm.

He picks up his mask off the ground, and slips it back over his head. None of Bev's blood was shed in her death, but now Ghostface avoids bleeding onto her as he drags her to the front yard.

Once he's got her to the pre-planned spot, he pulls out his phone. With steady hands he dials the number he knows by heart.

It only takes two rings.

"I'm on my way, it went well?" He asks, though he knows that he wouldn't be receiving this call if it had gone badly.

"Just as planned." But that isn't the whole story, "I'm injured. Do you have our emergency kit?"

"I always do." He replies flatly.

"Thank you, Will."

And the line goes dead.

He looks over Beverly's body, and tries to determine in the moonlight if he had bled at all on her.

He uses his ripped sleeve to temporarily bandage his arm. The bloodying of his glove doesn't bother him, because he knows Will will come with an extra costume for him to work in.

He only has to wait a few more minutes before Will pulls into the driveway with the truck he had stolen just an hour ago.

Will kills the engine and before he even greets his accomplice, he digs into his bag for their first aid kit. He brings it with him when he walks up to the Ghostface who is clutching his arm. It's like looking in a mirror, with both their masks on.

Will drops the first aid kit onto the ground, and removes his hood, and gloves. His curls are messy, and his eyes shine in the moonlight.

He grabs onto the injured arm, and inspects the long, but shallow wound. Will grabs the Ghostface's mask and pulls it off, not taking much care when he throws it to the ground.

"How could you have been so careless, Hannibal?" Will sighs, and leans down to grab out their needle and thread.

He disinfects the skin around the wound, and uses gauze to sop up the blood that gets in his way. With careful hands, Will stitches him up with his amature experience.

It takes quite a few minutes, but Hannibal is stitched up quite nicely, but that's taking into consideration that Will is not a doctor. He tapes on some gauze, since that's what's available.

"I'll grab your extra costume. You've got too much of your blood on this one to keep it on." Will moves to put the first aid kit back, and grabs out Hannibal's spare costume. What he doesn't realize is that one of their spare Ghostface masks has fallen out of his truck into the weeds.

Once he turns back, he sees Hannibal starting to strip. Underneath the costume he wears his boxers, and a white sleep shirt. Will finds it ironic that he's wearing the exact same thing.

Hannibal probably didn't need to replace his costume pants, but he's really unsure if he got blood on them since they're black.

Will hands Hannibal the fresh clothing, and collects Hannibal's soiled ones to join the burn pile. Hannibal quickly puts on his costume. He dislikes feelings so vulnerable.

At the same time, they slip their masks and gloves back on. They're identical figures, reflected back on each other. Hannibal is slightly taller, chubbier, and buffer than Will though.

Beverly lays at their feet, and Will nods to her before walking away back towards the truck.

Hannibal has worked with Will enough to know exactly what he means, even without words.

Hannibal starts with removing Beverly's clothing. He cuts them with his fabric scissors. His scalpel doesn't work well on clothing, and it just dulls the blade.

Once he inspects her whole form for any of his blood, he continues. It would be no good for investigators to find his DNA mixed up with Beverly Katz's.

He pulls his scalpel out, and turns it towards Bev. Hannibal liked Beverly at one time, but she was too wise to keep around. She will do much more good now through Hannibal's vision, and Will thankfully realizes that.

Beverly was Will's friend, and so he tries to be considerate when he picks through her insides to find the meat he wants. Once he's chosen his fair share, he puts them in the cooler, and sews Beverly back up.

Will returns, dragging the body bag they've kept hidden for the past two nights. Inside, there is a young male called Anthony Dimmond.

His sin, of course, was lust and pride.

Will unzips the body bag and drags Anthony's smelly corpse out. His clothes have already been removed and burned.

Hannibal is the artist behind the madness, and most times, Will just provides the meat. But when it comes to displaying two bodies, Hannibal needs more help than normal.

Will dresses Anthony in the light blue silk toga, and he positions his heavy limbs so he'll hold nicely onto Beverly.

While Hannibal finishes preparing Beverly for the display, Will lays out the leafery that he can picture in his mind. In the *Primavera*, the young couple are surrounded by living trees.

The best Will can do is branches, and so he tries his best to manipulate them to match the image in his head. Hannibal doesn't comment in any way or critique, so Will continues.

Hannibal dresses Beverly in the thin peach colored toga, and places her just beside Anthony. The finishing touch is the vine silencing Beverly Katz. Hannibal places it between her teeth.

Will steps back to admire their scene, and his heart twinges when he really looks at Beverly's face painted with death. But this was inevitable.

Hannibal packs up his tools and grabs his cooler. Will grabs their burn pile and tosses it into the bed of the truck. They file into the cab, and almost as if they were never there, they drive away down the gravel road.

There's no telling when this scene will be reported, but it's best to be completely cleaned up before that time.

When they arrive at their abandoned farmhouse, they start a fire with what little firewood they have left. They use the dry clothing as fuel.

Hannibal sanitizes his wound again, and replaces the bandage before throwing it into the fire. He'll have to come up with one hell of a cover story if someone ends up spotting the gnarly wound.

He tucks their costumes away once they've both changed. Hannibal always changes second, because he wants to keep his mask on longer. That way, he can get away with watching Will strip and dress without being too obvious.

Will stares into the fire, his cheeks illuminated by the firelight. His school clothes seem to be an even bigger mask than their Ghostface personas. Hannibal watches the flames dance over Will's skin, and he makes no rush to end this moment, even if he should.

They stand there until their fire is just coals and piles of ashes. Will doesn't snap out of his dissociation until Hannibal touches his shoulder.

"Ah- are you ready to leave?" Will asks, like he wasn't the one they were waiting on.

“Yes. Sunrise is only five hours away now,” Hannibal adjusts his shirt cuff, and tries to ignore how it tugs on his bandages.

Will digs his keys out of his pocket and nods. “Did you tell Robertus we were staying at your house tonight?”

“Of course. You’re my alibi with Uncle out of the house,” Hannibal smiles. It’s his true smile, the one that shows all of his jagged teeth, and brings his dimples to the surface. Will’s never seen Hannibal show that smile to anyone else. It’s almost like it’s exclusive only for Will.

Will rounds the truck and climbs in, slamming the door behind him. Hannibal is much more gentle with the old truck’s door.

They drive roughly thirty five minutes to get to Hannibal’s house, and when they do, both of them are so exhausted.

The three people that normally live with Hannibal are out of state for a doctor’s appointment for poor Robertus, so they don’t have to be careful entering the house.

Hannibal unlocks the front door and lets Will in. Will is extremely familiar with Hannibal’s house, so he knows exactly where he’s going.

“I forgot to pack a bag,” Will admits as he pulls a clean towel out of Hannibal’s hallway closet.

“You’re not usually so forgetful,” Hannibal observes, and moves to grab a pair of boxers out of his dresser for Will. He knows Will is a hot and sweaty sleeper, so this is all he will wear.

“Killing doesn’t usually affect me so much,” Will explains, and his angered tone really shows itself when he hisses, “She was my friend, Hannibal.”

Hannibal hands over the underwear, “You know just as well as I how much you liked her.” He tries to meet Will’s eyes, but Will stares down at Hannibal’s arm instead.

“She’s scarred you forever, now.” Will reaches out to touch the large bandage that covers the stitched up cut. It’s a defensive wound. Will doesn’t have to ask how it happened, he already knows Beverly was able to cut Hannibal when he was killing her.

“I forgive you,” Will whispers, even when there’s tears in his eyes. He finally meets Hannibal’s eyes, and when he does, it stabs right through Hannibal’s heart. The pain displayed in his gaze will never leave his mind.

Hannibal swallows, and it’s audible to the both of them. Will drops his eyes again, and he turns to enter the bathroom.

Hannibal stands awkwardly by the closed door until he hears the shower turn on. He was waiting, but he’s not sure what for.

He travels to the door right beside the bathroom, which is his room, to set up the mattress that Will stays on. He pulls it out from underneath his own mattress, and makes it with fresh

sheets. Hannibal sprays his cologne on the pillows, for no real reason… At least that's what he tells himself, anyway.

Hannibal sits down on his bed, and he reads his Calculus textbook just like any high school student would. He's just wasting time though, he doesn't need to read the book for any reason.

He can hear the shower turn off, and about a minute and a half later, Will emerges from the bathroom. Hannibal stares freely, because he knows Will won't meet his gaze right now. He's feeling too many emotions to be able to make eye contact.

Will's skin looks moisturized, and as soon as Hannibal breathes, he can smell his soaps mixing with Will's natural aromas. His hair is still very wet, and his towel rests around his shoulders. Hannibal's boxers fit Will perfectly, and he has a hard time resisting the urge to lunge onto Will to rip them off.

Hannibal picks out his pajama pants and his clean boxers from his dresser, and he slips out of the room before Will can see how his physical self is affected. Hannibal has mastered how to mask nearly every emotion, but arousal—especially when it comes to Will—is one he has not figured out in his teenagehood.

He can act like he's aroused with sexual partners, in fact, he can force his body to do as he pleases. But the only person he *really* wants is Will Graham. He cannot control his body when it comes to him.

Such a little thing like seeing Will in his boxers has Hannibal harder than he should be. Jesus fuck, he's a goddamn pervert.

He turns on the shower as he tries to compose himself. When he looks in the slightly fogged up mirror, he notices that his pupils are blown. The blood on his face usually matches his eyes, but right now his eyes are more pupil than iris.

He steps into the shower, and immediately he lets it wash over his face. He's not entirely sure how he got blood on his face, but he washes it off anyways.

This shower is trickier than normal. One, because he needs to keep his bandage dry so his stitches don't become wet. Two, he's mentally focused on trying to subside his arousal.

One way or another, Hannibal needs to sort this situation out before heading back into his room with Will. Hannibal turns the shower over to cold as he shampoos his hair.

Will isn't dumb. In fact, he's probably the smartest guy in the room (most times). And he's more observant than anyone most people know. Will was cursed with extreme levels of empathy, so there's no avoiding the awkwardness.

Will knows vaguely how Hannibal feels about him due to this mirror neuron surplus. Will knows that Hannibal is very attracted to him when he's in his person suit, but he doesn't have time to realize that Hannibal is attracted to him always. Ghostface and all.

Hannibal's arousal goes down thanks to the shock of the freezing water, and he pulls himself out of the shower as soon as possible. He hates the cold more than anything, but the cold is a fitting punishment for not being able to control himself.

Hopefully Will is already tucked in and asleep, that way Hannibal won't need to interact with him after that earlier encounter.

Hannibal holds onto that hope as he opens his bedroom door, and he hides his grimace when he finds Will sitting on top of Hannibal's bed, with their Calculus textbook in his hands.

He glances up at Hannibal when he enters, and Hannibal just walks over towards his mirror. He dries his hair the most that he can, and then he sets his towel into the hamper. He combs through his hair, but he does not shape it to appear like his person suit.

Hannibal does not wear his person suit around Will like he does others.

Will doesn't even bother putting on his person suit when he's around Hannibal. Nor his mask. He rocks slightly while he stares down at the textbook in his lap, wet hair falling in front of his eyes. The stim is almost unnoticeable, and Hannibal never misses them.

Will will bite at his lip when he's concentrated, and Hannibal can see that too. It pulls at his heart strings.

His eyes skim the pages, and it doesn't seem like he even realizes Hannibal came in. It's a rare opportunity to be able to analyze Will Graham without his knowledge.

Hannibal watches the way his fingers play with the corner of the page, and how his posture changes. Will snaps back to the present when Hannibal comes into his peripheral view. He joins Will on the bed and glances at where the younger man is in the chapter.

Will shifts so Hannibal can read with him, and they sit in silence. It's nearly two in the morning, but Hannibal is wide awake. He doesn't really read the textbook, but he responds in the affirmative when Will asks if he's ready to turn the page.

It doesn't take but fifteen minutes for Will to start to drift, he catches himself the first two times, but the third time, he ends up pressed against Hannibal, head on his shoulder.

Hannibal stays absolutely still. He turns his head though, to smell Will's hair. Will smells of Hannibal's shampoo. He can't help himself when he reaches his arm around to touch the damp strands. At first, it doesn't disturb the sleeping man, but when Hannibal gets brave and runs his fingers through it, the man rouses.

He jerks back before he realizes he had only dozed off. "Sorry," He apologizes with a quick breath, one that is equal parts soft and firm. Will scrubs his hand down his face, and he groans. "I have a killer headache."

Will closes the textbook and tosses it to the ground. *How rude*, Hannibal thinks. He lays back on Hannibal's bed with his hands covering his eyes. Hannibal takes the hint and gets up to flick off the light switch.

He finds his way back to his bed, and he leans against the wall, next to where Will is laying. Will drops his hands off from his eyes, and in the dark of night, Hannibal can just barely see Will glancing up towards his face.

“How was your date with Alana?” Will asks, and he doesn’t hide how much he hates the concept. Will tells himself that it’s because he wants Alana.

Hannibal tips his head back to rest on the wall, and the position makes his Adam’s apple more pronounced when he dry swallows.

“She wanted to have sex.” Hannibal admits.

“Did you?” Will asks in that monotone voice he takes on when he’s upset. He braces himself for the response he really doesn’t want to hear.

“No.” Hannibal sighs, and he looks down towards Will when he says, “She realized I wasn’t erect when we were in foreplay, and she got upset.”

“Shit,” Will bites his lip. He tries to get a reading off of Hannibal’s expression, but he doesn’t get much of anything. All he gets is eye contact that is far too intense for his comfort. “You’re not a virgin, are you? Very few seniors are anymore.”

“My virginity or lack thereof has nothing to do with this,” Hannibal smirks. He isn’t protective over his sexual history, but it’s fun to watch Will squirm a bit.

“Sorry,” Will apologizes again. “I just figured it might be easier for you to keep up the act if you had some experience.”

“Are you suggesting I go out and womanize?” Hannibal quirks his eyebrow, “That’s very unlike you.”

Will rolls his eyes, “You know what I meant, Hannibal.” He turns his head and splays his legs comfortably on the bed. Like this, Will’s eyes suddenly take on the appearance of a puppy’s when he looks up at Hannibal.

Hannibal swallows. Each time, he swears his mouth is drier. He parts his lips in hope of welcoming an opportunity to produce moisture. He smirks as a thought comes to his mind.

How curious. How would Will react, he wonders?

Hannibal is quick, but just slow enough to allow Will some reaction time. Will’s eyes follow him as he moves to tower over him on the bed, muttering, “Do I?”

“Do you?” Will counters, and his hand raises to tuck Hannibal’s fallen hair back behind his ear.

Will and Hannibal only met at the start of the school year last year. It’s been only twelve months since they exchanged names. It’s only been a few months, since their shared interest took a physical form. The form it took the first time was vengeful. Will’s mom abandoned him when she discovered his dad’s affair, and when he learned who the woman was that had

stolen his mother from him, he decided to do something about it. Hannibal agreed to help, since Will asked. But they're still fairly unfamiliar with one another.

Hannibal's incisors peak out from hiding as he smiles. Oh, wonderful, brilliant William. He leans down so Will cannot see his eyes when he whispers, "Maybe you should be the one to pursue Bloom. We know you can get it up, at least."

His eyes would've given him away. They would show his joy at feeling Will's slight erection against the outside of his thigh. Hannibal doesn't want to feel hope, so he tells himself that it's just because of the compromising position they're in. Any teenage boy would have a positive reaction to this close of contact.

"You'll do just fine," Will hints, and looks down towards Hannibal's groin. Hannibal has to contain his swear when he realizes he has yet again failed to control his bodily reactions attaining to Will Graham.

Will grabs Hannibal by the waist and hoists him off of him. He lands with a slight bounce on the mattress, and both of them instantly feel colder without the other's bodily heat.

In the awkward air, they lay at rest. For Will, it's twenty minutes before he's fallen asleep. For Hannibal, it's two hours. In those hours, he observes Will in his most vulnerable state, and he plans great things.

Murderous things.

(Don’t Fear) The Reaper

Chapter Notes

> Happy October 1st!!! Still, I hope to have this finished for Halloween! If I do, the very last chapter will be published on the 31st.
>
> This is the chapter that caused this fic to go from Teen and Up to Explicit, so be aware of that. Also, some of you may want to turn away when you realize whom the smut is between in this chapter, but please don’t go, because there’s Hannigram hidden in there ;)

The next morning, Hannibal brews coffee before there’s any movement in the house. He changes his bandage and puts on his favorite red sweater. He only wears it around the house, but it makes him feel comfortable and shielded without wearing multiple layers.

Uncle Robertus is up a little after Hannibal, and his large body makes the stairs creak loudly. He asks Hannibal how school had been the day prior, and then he nods when Hannibal replies. That’s the end of their stiff interaction.

Robertus turns on the television and clicks it onto the news channel. There was a collision on the highway last night that killed four.

Hannibal listens halfway while he makes breakfast for himself and his guest. Will descends the stairs wearing pajamas that he dug out of Hannibal’s dresser, and Hannibal cannot believe his eyes.

Hannibal’s pants hang low on Will’s hips and show off his V line. With one hand Will messes with the hem of Hannibal’s gray sleep shirt, and that causes his happy trail to become visible. Hannibal feels the overwhelming urge to lick at those perfect lines.

Will joins him at the stove and mutters a good morning. He grabs a white mug out from Hannibal’s cupboards and pours himself a cup of coffee. He adds cream and sugar.

While Hanninal flips the omelet and Will stirs his coffee, the distinct sound of the news reporter woman comes onto the TV. They’re back from the commercial break, and she speaks in a professional but solemn voice.

“Late last night two Baltimore High students were found brutally murdered two miles out of town.” Freddie Lounds speaks, and Will’s ears prick up, “Investigation is already underway, and local authorities have a request from the public.”

Hannibal plates the omelets and brings them over to the dining table, which has a full view of the television.

An image clearly taken by a crime scene investigator shows the mask both Hannibal and Will know all to well, “Keep an eye out for any individual who is out at night wearing this mask. Call the authorities immediately, and keep your distance. No arrests have been made as of yet.”

They display the image for a moment more, and as Will stares at the picture, Hannibal stares at him. There’s panic in Will’s eyes, and Hannibal can understand why. This was a silly mistake, and it could mean demise.

The request from the police is pointless, the Ghostface mask is just from a Halloween store. Anyone could wear the mask.

“Back to you, Phylis.” Freddie nods, and the news reporter by the name of Phylis Crawford bows her head as she says, “A tragedy indeed. Please call 911 if you have any information that may be of value.”

Robertus turns to Hannibal and Will when he asks, “Do you know who it could be? Did your school say anything yet?”

Will shakes his head in shock, and he scrubs at his jaw with his hands. He can’t believe he let this happen. They know his face now.

“Please excuse us Uncle, We’ll go check my computer to see if there’s been news from school.” Hannibal sets down his fork, and leaves his omelet in favor of retrieving Will. The younger man is frozen in shock, and Hannibal has to touch his shoulders to get him to move. “Yeah, excuse us.” Will mutters.

It’s a shame to waste food like this, but speaking with Will while the shock is fresh is much more important. Will is obviously having trouble processing the fact that they’re moving, so Hannibal grabs onto his hand and guides him upstairs to his room. Will is robotic with his movements when he plops down onto the bed.

Hannibal closes the door and leans against it, head dropped back as he runs his hands through his hair. “Did you wear it?” He asks calmly.

“No.” Will drops his head into his hands, “I don’t think so, at least. If I did we’re fucking screwed.”

Hannibal sighs and licks his lips, “This slip up is no more evidence than my mysterious injury.” He tries to console, keeping his voice low.

“It had to have fallen out of my truck,” Will is spiraling trying to figure out if that mask was one that they had used in the past. “I counted both masks in the burn pile. I watched them melt.”

“They know Ghostface,” Hannibal moves to join Will on the bed, just like how they were last night, “But they don’t know your face. Or mine.”

“We’re playing masquerades,” Will smirks, lifting his head up to meet Hannibal’s eyes, “Our lives just got that much more interesting.”

***

It isn’t until Monday that the Baltimore High principal announces which two students were masqueraded over the weekend. There was talk around town, but it was confirmed that day that Beverly Katz and Anthony Dimmond were the ones killed.

Dr. Frederick Chilton, in his signature style, made the tragic news known in the most inappropriate and self centered style.

Their dear principal put up two large banners in the cafeteria that had Beverly and Anthony’s faces on them. Which doesn’t seem too terrible, but when you read the text on the banners, you can see that Dr. Chilton has made it all about himself, and Baltimore High. Not at all about these two lives that were taken too young.

It’s entirely *tasteless*.

Just to stir up more madness, students were requested into Chilton’s office all throughout the day for questioning by the police.

Throughout school, Alana Bloom was consoled most of anyone. She wasn’t even close with Beverly or Anthony… but this was the most brutal incident that has happened since her mother.

Brian Zeller pretended to not be torn to shreds by the news of Beverly Katz’s death, but Will knew it was eating him up. Will smiles knowing Bev would be glad to see Zeller finally shut up for a whole day.

He misses her. He really does.

Hannibal and Will play their parts of shocked classmates, and they also play their parts in consoling Alana.

Hannibal most of all.

To the outside observer, Hannibal and Alana are certainly a *thing,* and have been for over a year. But Will knows it’s a lie. Alana doesn’t.

Hannibal rubs her back as they sit outside of the front doors of the school, relaxing by the water fountain.

“I can’t believe he took her organs,” Zeller stares down at his hands. They’re shaking.

“Sick fucker,” Margot Verger mutters, biting at her lip. She had never spoken to Beverly, but she is disgusted by the details of her death, just like the rest of town.

“I can’t think of a single thing that Bev could’ve done to deserve this fate,” Alana leans up against Hannibal for support.

She was too smart. That was her sin.

Will tucks his hair behind his ear as he participates towards the conversation, “She was the only person who would talk to me when I first moved here last year.”

Margot has sympathy in her eyes as she takes one of his hands into hers, “She was a good friend to you.” In her few weeks of dating Will, she observed how he interacted with Bev.

“She was a friend to all,” Hannibal agrees. He meets Will’s eyes, and he hates to find the sadness that lurks under the surface. They both know it was a necessary evil, but it still hurts more than expected.

Their small group started to head their separate ways around 4:15, and the last to arrive home was Alana Bloom. She opens the door, and a whining creak sounds throughout the first floor.

“Alana, is that you?” It’s her father’s voice.

“Yes, papa,” Alana drops her bag onto the floor of the living room. Her dad is on the treadmill that claims the area just in front of their large windows.

He’s worked up a sweat, and it’s obvious that he’s stressed, and is trying to work some of it off. “Were you friends with that young lady and her boyfriend?”

“Beverly and Anthony? They weren’t dating.” Alana shrugs, “They weren’t even friends. So if that’s what you’re paranoid about, don’t worry. I did know Beverly, and she hung around with some of my friends.”

“They said that this Ghostface character posed them as lovers,” Mr. Bloom explains, “More specifically, the lovers in the Primavera.”

Alana’s eyebrows furrow. “How do you know this? I’ve been following all the news and I hadn’t heard this.”

“Tattlecrime.com. It’s a tabloid journal, but it’s rumored that one of the local newscasters runs the website.” He huffs, turning down the speed on the treadmill.

Alana shakes her head, “Don’t read that trash, Pa. They’re just spreading misinformation about this tragedy.”

“They wrote about your mom…” Her dad clears his throat, “Back when it happened.”

Alana is suddenly hit with a wave of rage, and she stares her dad right in the eyes, “Tell me you didn’t read it.”

“The details were fuzzy,” Mr. Bloom admits that he read it, “But it was more honest than anything the news channels put out.”

Alana doesn’t even have to say anything for her dad to get the message that she’s upset with him. Tears come to her eyes, and she snatches up her bag before storming down the hall into her room. She shuts and locks the door.

Her breathing becomes erratic, and she searches through her closet for the box she used to cling onto like it would kill her to let it go.

She opens the lid, and her tears fall into the pile of papers. All the pages are already stained with her tears from years past.

Alana pulls out the oldest letter, and the most recent one. The first is dated from seven years ago, the last is dated just three. The most recent was written only a few months before her death.

Alana had been at her grandparent's lake house for the week, and her mother had sent the letter to inform her of how much they're missing her back home, and wish her fun times.

She clutches onto the letters and sobs. After some time, she falls asleep with the letters pressed to her chest.

It's dark outside her window when she wakes up, and she blinks herself awake with that distinct feeling of numbness.

Her mother's favorite song is the only thing that can console her during these more intense periods of mourning. She was gifted it on vinyl after her mother's death, and ever since, it's taken the record player as its home. It never leaves the plate.

She drops the needle onto the vinyl, and she lets out a pathetic sob when "(Don't Fear) the Reaper" sounds from the small speakers.

Her heart aches when she listens to the words being sung in that heavenly and comforting voice. She wonders if her mother had feared the reaper when he came for her unexpectedly.

She's leaning into her grief, wringing her hands and biting her lip, when there's a knock at her window. She startles, and momentarily forgets about her mother, before she makes out the face that is looking in on her.

"Hannibal?" She whispers the question. Alana moves to her window and unlocks it. Hannibal slides it up so he can crawl in. "What are you doing here?!"

Hannibal finishes entering her room through his unconventional means before he responds, "I figured somebody should come check up on you."

"So that warranted coming through my window?" Alana laughs, and wipes the tears from her cheeks.

"I've never entered your house this way before. There's a first time for everything." Hannibal smirks, and he moves to hold Alana's hands in his. "Are you well?"

Alana huffs out a self deprecating laugh, "What does it look like?" She's being incredibly rude. But Hannibal's very presence here is extremely rude.

"You're in distress," Hannibal points out, and makes a point in ducking his head to stick his nose to Alana's warm throat. He places a kiss over her artery and takes an inhale of her scent.

Under the annoying perfume he can smell how upset she's been. "You smell scared." He admits, and he runs his hands up and down her back as he continues to pamper her neck in kisses.

She exposes her neck to him, and she groans, "It's difficult to be brave when two of your classmates have just been slaughtered,"

Hannibal stands up straight, and cups her face as he looks right into her eyes. They're red and a little puffy from crying. "You're braver than most. I have to admit that checking on your emotional health was not my only reason for coming here." He lies right to her face. The true reason he came is to uphold appearances.

"You were scared for me?" Alana cups Hannibal's hands that hold her face, and she picks one up to place a kiss to the palm. The song in the background starts its distinct shift in tone right in the middle, and Alana smiles, "I don't fear the reaper."

Hannibal smiles back, and just as the song dissolves into its lengthy and intense guitar solo, he lunges for her lips, and she groans. The kiss takes her by surprise, and the passion has her head spinning.

Her boyfriend is not usually so excited to be so intimate. She runs her hands up his shoulders, and into his hair. She feels like she's suffocating, but she's so turned on.

It isn't for another ten seconds that Hannibal seizes his attack, and his hands adventure down to her ass as he goes back to kissing at her neck. Oh, how he would love to hold that neck between his hands and just squeeze until her body goes cold.

Alana tugs on Hannibal's hair with a small whine, "I thought that I was the only one who always wanted sex after funerals," She leans into Hannibal's squeezing attention on his ass, "It's funny, really. How death makes us so horny."

Hannibal doesn't say anything, he just tugs at her skirt until it falls to the floor. Alana steps out of the skirt, and backs Hannibal towards her bed. He obeys, and sits down on the perfectly made bed. Alana's stuffed animals sit by her pillows, judging them greatly.

Alana climbs into his lap and tugs at his shirt. He lifts his arms so she can take it off. Hannibal wishes she hadn't, though, since now he'll have to make a quick excuse for his injury.

She kisses down his chest, and he pretends like he likes it. He can feel her sticky lip gloss on his skin. Alana sits up when she physically cannot go any lower while still being perched on top of Hannibal, and she removes her shirt. Surprisingly enough, she's wearing a matching set of underwear.

Though she'd never tell him, Alana had bought this matching pair of undergarments with him in mind. They're a deep maroon just like his eyes, and they're far too lacey to be comfortable.

Hannibal leans down to kiss at her breasts, and he holds onto her bare waist. She really does have a nice body, but Hannibal doesn't really care about that. Alana is not attractive to him in every other aspect.

Alana grinds down onto Hannibal's lap, and arches her back into Hannibal's space. With those sharp fangs he bites at her breast, and it leaves a distinct and undeniable bruise.

"Ah, fuck," Alana breathes out, and she pulls Hannibal away from her chest. She grabs for his hand, and furrows her eyebrows at the fresh stitches in his skin. Alana thinks it would kill the mood to ask about it, so she just shoves the hand into her panties as she had originally planned.

Hannibal isn't shocked by her forwardness, and he doesn't really care that she hadn't asked him for consent. It's not like this means anything to him.

He brushes the pads of his fingers over her clit, and makes small circles over the nub. She whines and clutches onto Hannibal's shoulders.

Alana waits patiently, and when Hannibal finally starts to finger her, she digs her nails in. He strokes over her g-spot, and she has to force herself to sit still. It's one of the hardest things she's done, resisting the urge to ride Hannibal's fingers.

Hannibal is a natural talent when it comes to this, and Alana is forever grateful. She feels much too close to orgasm in an embarrassing amount of time. In a hopeful distraction she asks Hannibal, "Do you have a condom?"

He smirks, and uses that ridiculing voice he likes to wield when he knows someone has expected something *other* from him, "I didn't come here for sex, Alana."

Alana's toes curl as Hannibal starts to wag his fingers again. To her surprise, he adds in a third finger. She mewls as she's stretched wide, and she can't help but whine, "I need you to fuck me, Hannibal. Please, I've been waiting forever."

Hannibal can't deny that she's been patient. He has yet to fuck her, and they've been together for close to a year now. They've done lots of over the clothing stuff, but not once has Alana gotten the privilege of having Hannibal inside of her.

Alana forces eye contact, and with heavy lids she begs, "Please, I have protection."

Hannibal raises his eyebrows. He hadn't expected that. Now it seems that he'll be losing his true virginity tonight. There's no sly and easy way he can think of getting out of this situation.

Hannibal kisses her, and continues finger fucking her until she finally orgasms. She takes about twenty seconds to catch her breath before she's moving off of Hannibal to search through her dresser.

Under all the shit that's been thrown in, there's a box of condoms.

They're open.

Hannibal notes that in the back of his mind as he checks the expiration date on the shiny package. They're not to expire for another four years. That means Alana must've bought them when they started dating.

So why are they open?

Hannibal unbuckles himself, and is delighted to realize that he's managed to will himself into a half hard state. He rips the condom package open, but Alana stops him before he can take the condom out.

"You won't be able to get it on like this," She refers to Hannibal's slight erection. Hannibal can *feel* her pity like a thick slime. "It's okay, it happens."

Alana must think that Hannibal has erectile dysfunction. He never has issues getting hard when he thinks of Will Graham.

So, he falls into his mind palace as Alana goes down on him. His boner would've deflated the second she took him into his mouth, if it weren't for the graphic image in his mind of a bloodied Will Graham swallowing his cock.

It delights Alana that Hannibal was able to get hard, and she takes the condom from him.

As Alana is rolling the condom down his length, Hannibal asks her a personal question, out of pure curiosity if she would lie about the answer.

"Is this your first time?" Hannibal accepts her back into his lap, and she removes her panties.

After a moment's hesitation, she says, "Yes."

Hannibal knows now that Alana has cheated on him. The lie was right in his face, and it makes him want to rip her organs out. Cheating is unforgivably and inexplicably *rude*.

He uses this anger stirring in his gut to flip them around and fuck Alana with a punishing pace. She cries out and scratches angry lines into Hannibal's muscled back.

Hannibal falls back into his mind palace, shifting his reality so it's a faceless figure under him. His hips snap against this unknown person, and when they moan, it's a familiar voice.

But it's not his girlfriend's moan. It's the male whimper that he finds in his dreams.

He blinks, and it's Will Graham under him. He groans at the look that graces his perfect features. He closes his eyes tight, and to Alana it appears like he's trying not to come too quickly.

But truly, he's trying to keep Will out of his mind, because he's too much of a distraction. The last thing Hannibal needs to do is accidentally come with Will's name on his lips.

When Hannibal opens his eyes again, it's Ghostface staring back at him.

Weird, but manageable.

He fucks who he assumes is Will Graham in disguise, and he doesn't even realize that Alana comes until Ghostface's distinct voice is begging him to slow down.

One more blink, and Hannibal is back to the present. Alana is covered in sweat, and she has a blissful look in her eyes. She pulls Hannibal down to kiss her, and Hannibal grabs the base of his cock, and removes himself from inside of Alana.

"Aren't you going to finish?" Alana furrows her eyebrows, and spreads her legs wider as a temptation. Hannibal will admit that fucking her did feel fantastic, but it was the image of his male companion that made him enjoy it.

He would rather have his first partner orgasm be enjoyed with Will Graham. Alana is not worthy of such a thing.

Hannibal takes the condom off and redoes his belt, "I need to get home," he tosses the tied off condom into the trash can, and moves towards the window.

"I'm sorry, I kept you too long." Alana stands up to give him a parting kiss, and she helps him zip up his fly, "We always have next time."

Hannibal opens the window, and he gives her a practiced smile when he mutters, "Until next time,"

He hopes their plan will move smoothly, and that he won't have to suffer through another time. Since she'll be eliminated by morning

Will Graham should be actively preparing to put their second step into action in just a few hours.

Hannibal doesn't go home. There's no time before he'll be needed here again.

Alana Bloom

Chapter Notes

> The moment you've been waiting for! Aren't you happy you stuck around past the Hannibal/Alana sex to witness Hannigram goodness??

It's nearly nine when Alana's phone rings, and she has to pull herself up from her bed to answer it. She's still nude from when Hannibal was over. He left only an hour ago, and in her exhaustion and satisfaction, she had collapsed straight into slumber.

"Hello?" Alana answers the phone.

"Hey, are you free right now?" It's Margot's voice on the other line.

"Yeah, yeah. What's up?" Alana rubs at her eyes.

"Do you want to come over? I'm feeling lonely and Will isn't answering his phone." Margot jokes.

"Wow, I didn't know our girl time was mitigated on whether or not your boyfriend is available," Alana pretends like she's offended. After a pause she agrees, "Yeah I'll come over, let me pack a change of clothes in my school bag for tomorrow and I'll throw on some clothes."

"Lounging in the nude?" Margot teases.

"For good reason," Alana leads on, and she smiles so wide that Margot must be able to hear how her voice changes.

"I've got to stop at the video store, then I'll come get you. You better be ready when I get there, and I expect one hell of a story from you," Margot waits until Alana bids her goodbye before she hangs up.

Alana sets the phone down on her dresser, and goes searching for the clothing she had thrown around. Just as she's pulling up her skirt, the phone rings again.

"Margot, I promise I'll tell you-" Alana starts, before she's promptly interrupted.

"Hello, Alana." The voice on the line is one she's never heard before.

"Um," Alana places the phone in between her shoulder and her ear, and she waits for the voice to explain the reason for calling. She doesn't hear one, so she puts her shirt back on before picking up the phone again, "Who is this?"

“Take your best guess,” The voice proposes.

“Jimmy doesn’t have my number, so I’d have to say Zeller.” Alana paces around her room as she rounds up a new pair of clothes for school the next day.

“It’s an eerie night out tonight,” The voice doesn’t confirm nor deny her suspicions. “It’s freaky with the murders. Does the night scare you?”

“It’s nice of you to call to check up, Z, but Hannibal already beat you to it.” Alana brushes out her tangled hair.

“Lots of people are scared of the dark,” The voice reassures.

“I’m not.” Alana places her clothing into the bag among all her textbooks and pencils.

“Are you alone in the house?”

“Brian, you know that was a one time thing. It shouldn’t have happened, I’m dating Hannibal. It was a big mistake fucking you.” Alana throws her bag over her shoulder. Margot should be here in 10 minutes or so. Though, Alana isn’t sure if her dad is home anymore, he said he might be going out with some work friends towards dark.

“I’m not Brian. You’ve been awfully rude to this Hannibal character by the sounds of it.” The voice on the other side sounds angered now.

“What’s it to you? My love life is none of your concern.” Alana doesn’t like that she might’ve just exposed her affair to someone that isn’t Zeller.

“You are of my concern, Alana.” The spooky voice rattles off, “You may not know me, but I know you.”

“I’m not gonna keep guessing. Either tell me who you are or I’m hanging up.” Alana is getting truly nervous now.

“It’s no concern who I am, but where I am.”

“Ha, ha.” Alana rolls her eyes, “Where may you be? Let me guess, my back porch?”

“You’re a smart girl. But not quite right. Try the front porch instead”

Alana feels a chill up her spine. But then, a feeling of anger. She’s not gonna let this guy fuck with her. She throws open her bedroom door, and runs down the stairs, “Oh yeah? I call your bluff.”

She unlocks the front door, and steps outside. She looks around, left to right, then back again. There’s no one out and about the neighborhood, not even late night runners. All the houses are dark except for some porch lights illuminating the front doors.

Her porch light is off, but she turns it on so she can get a better view of the yard. “You’re not out here.” She rolls her eyes.

“No, no. You’re just not looking.” The voice contradicts, in that certain way that makes Alana’s heart drop.

“You’re such a liar,” Alana laughs, “If you can see me, what am I doing right now?”

No response.

“You’re very funny. Z, don’t call me again. We’re over, you know that.” Alana drops the phone from her ear to hang up, but a thundering voice stops her.

“DON’T YOU HANG UP ON ME!”

It’s a shock just how resounding the voice is through her ears. She can almost feel in her hand just how loudly he yelled.

Alana considers hanging up anyways, but the sentence that follows scares her into staying, “YOU’LL DIE IF YOU HANG UP.”

Alana shakily raises the phone back to her ear, “Do you want to die Alana?” She almost thinks of responding, but the voice continues speaking before she can get out a peap, “Your mother sure didn’t.”

Alana is filled with rage, and she can’t help but growl, “Fuck you, and fuck your games.” She hangs up and storms back inside, slamming the door behind her. She sets the phone on the entryway table, locks the door, and slides down the wall to sob into her knees.

She doesn’t even get a moment of rest, due to the entryway closet door slamming open and slamming her in the side. She screams, and shoots up to her feet before she could be properly trapped against the wall.

The figure she sees when she turns is one she hoped she’d never encounter. The mask that they’d shown on the news is now lunging at her as she runs away.

Alana is tackled only a few feet away, and the killer restrains her by sitting on her. In his right hand is a long knife, one suited for butchering. He tries to drop it into her chest, but she grabs him and pushes back like her life depends on it.

With a swift buck of her hips and kick, she dislodges the larger figure from on top of her.

The hallway has never seemed so long, and her socks never so slippery as she runs to her room. Her father had given her a pistol for her sixteenth birthday, and other than training, it’s never been used.

She beats the killer to her room, and she locks the door in a panic. In her closet is the gun safe, and thankfully she hadn’t locked it. She reaches inside, and cocks the pistol before she even turns towards the door.

With her pistol in hand, she turns towards her phone, and picks it up to call the police. It only takes two rings before she’s connected.

The banging on the door is getting louder, and she can hear the handle jiggling. The killer doesn't speak, but he does make lots of noise in the effort of getting in.

Just as the 911 operator starts to speak, the banging stops. The lovely woman on the other side of the phone asks Alana what is her emergency. Alana can't speak, her voice suddenly shot. So she doesn't.

The operator asks who it is, where she is, what's the matter. But Alana can't speak. The operator assures her that she's okay, and that help is on the way.

"Hey," It's a familiar voice from behind her, and it makes Alana jump up and scream. Margot appears through the window, panic in her eyes, "Your front door was locked, and I heard screaming." Once her two feet are inside of the house, Alana jumps to her.

Alana clings onto her and shakes out a sob, "He's here. The killer is here."

In the rough movement, a small black phone is dislodged out of Margot's back pocket. Alana knows that Margot's phone is a dull shade of blue, not black. As she stares at it, anxiety rises in her throat, and fear fills her eyes.

With cautious steps back, she moves towards her bedroom door. "I trusted you," she whispers, her hand on the doorknob, "I can't believe I trusted you." With a fearful sob, she turns and runs out the door, making a sprint for the front door.

"Wait!" Margot calls after her, and she can't help but chase after her distressed friend, "Alana, wait!"

Alana makes it all the way to the front door, before she hears a stern knock and sees flashing lights.

The police!

She unlocks the door, and with obvious distress she answers it. "He was here. The Ghostface killer was here."

Once Margot catches up to Alana, she faces the police with a composed stature, just up until her best friend says, "And she made the phone call." With tears in her eyes, she steps back behind the police officer, and lets the man arrest Margot.

Alana is taken to the ambulance, and a shock blanket is draped over her shoulders. Her phone has been confiscated as evidence, along with the phone Margot was carrying.

They're searching the area for the Ghostface killer, and Alana has gone completely numb inside. She keeps replaying over and over what the voice had said about her mother.

Sheriff Jack Crawford introduces himself to Alana, and lets her know that they still can't get a hold of Mr. Alan Bloom, her father, "I don't feel safe sleeping here tonight."

"I understand." He nods his head and looks to his officers who search the porch, "We'll get you into a hotel room."

“No, no.” She pulls back and rubs her eyes, “I want to stay with Hannibal Lecter, over in his secure neighborhood.”

Crawford hesitates, but he can find no way to deny her this after the trauma she endured, “Let me finish with the paperwork, then I’ll take you over there.”

Alana nods, and glances over to the cop car where her best friend sits, unmoving and crying. Alana doesn’t want to believe it, but she has nothing else to believe with the evidence she saw.

It’s an entire hour later when Alana is finally done with speaking to the police, and Sheriff Crawford takes Alana away from the investigation scene.

She shivers as the sheriff walks her to the car, and she breaks down again as they drive the twenty minutes to Hannibal’s home.

When they arrive, there’s smoke rising out of the chimney, and Alana feels a wave of relief. It would be strange for Hannibal to be missing from his home, but it had been an anxiety of hers. Hence why she so desperately needed to come see him.

Crawford walks her all the way up to the door, and waits with her for someone to answer the door to the Lecter abode. It takes maybe thirty seconds of anxious waiting.

Hannibal seems confused to see Alana and Sheriff Crawford, but he still invites the both of them in with no hesitation. Once they’re inside, Crawford explains the situation in as vague of detail as he can, and asks Hannibal if he would house her for the night.

Hannibal shakes off the offer of payment, and agrees to let Alana stay with them for however long is necessary. Crawford thanks him, and requests that she call in the morning for a check in.

Alana gravitates towards Hannibal, and buries her face into his chest as they hug. “You smell good.” She hums quietly. She’s exhausted, and just about anything remotely pleasant right now makes her feel sleepy.

Hannibal is fresh out of the shower, hair still wet, and skin still fragrant with body wash. He pets down her back, and kisses the top of her head. “Let’s get you to bed.”

She nods in agreement, and Hannibal leads her to his room. Usually, they only come to Hannibal home during the day to study, since his house is closer to the school. His home looks different, covered in shadows.

Alana is almost too sleepy to notice the dull sound of water running in the bathroom just next to Hannibal’s room. She doesn’t ask, since she’s so exhausted.

Hannibal tucks her into bed, and complies when she asks him to lay with her. Only a short while later, Hannibal gets an idea. “Water will do you some good, I’ll be back.”

He heads down into his kitchen, and pours a glass of water. On his way back up, he enters the bathroom in which Will is showering, and grabs his sedative from the cupboard.

“Did you decide to join me?” Will teases from inside the shower. As lovely as that sounds to Hannibal, he signals to Will that he needs to be quiet.

Hannibal dissolves the tablets into the water, and waits until they’re completely gone to head back into his bedroom. When he enters, Alana mumbles from her bed, “Is that Will? It sounds like him.”

“Yes,” Hannibal confirms, “We had planned to spend the night together studying. But I’ll send him home now that you’re here.”

She takes a few sips of the water Hannibal got her as she contemplates her response. “I don’t think that’s necessary. He can stay. If there’s two of you here pulling an all-nighter, I might actually feel safer.”

Hannibal smiles at her, and picks up her hand to kiss it. He won’t be kissing her lips. The sedative he gave her is quite potent, and it's a high risk that he might end up taking some of the side effects.

After a few more sips, Alana sets the water down and cuddles back up into Hannibal’s bed. His sheets smell great, and she feels extremely sleepy. Even though she tries, she does not stay conscious long enough to greet Will.

That may be due to the drugs circulating her system that will make it nearly impossible for her to rouse for the next 8 hours.

These are the sedatives Hannibal uses on his victims when he’s transporting them from place to place. He has more than one form of this drug; his personal favorite way to use it is as an injection.

Alana sleeps soundly, and Hannibal just sits and watches her dormant body. After a few minutes, he feels the urge to touch her, so he does.

When Will enters, Hannibal just glances up at him to observe his state of being—he’s clean, and wearing his usual white sleep shirt, boxer combo—before he focuses back on watching Alana.

“Isn’t she beautiful?” Hannibal mutters, running his fingers up and down her exposed arm.

“Sure,” Will agrees, and watches as Hannibal’s fingers trace over her skin. Will sits on the bed just beside Hannibal. He gets brave and joins in touching her arm, the same one Hannibal is enjoying the feel of.

They’re sitting directly beside each other, hip to hip, and Hannibal can smell Will’s hair coated in his own shampoo. His natural scent is intoxicating when it’s paired with his body wash.

Will traces over Alana’s knuckles, but he watches Hannibal’s hand as it moves. The veins in his hands are pronounced from the warmth of the steamy shower, and his skin is visibly smooth with hardly any blemishes.

Hannibal is an extremely observant man, and he can feel Will's eyes on him with accuracy. He knows Will is watching his hands, and it makes him want to give them to him.

Will watches still, and almost flinches when Hannibal's hand moves to start tracing over his own arm. His breathing shifts, and he can tell that Hannibal notices.

His hands are very warm, but not quite as hot as Will's freshly showered body. Hannibal wants so badly to follow his finger with his lips, especially when he starts to get up towards Will's bicep.

Will just breathes through it as his skin tingles, but when Hannibal's fingers disappear under his short sleeve cuff, he grabs onto Hannibal's wrist. He stops him, and pulls him away. He knows Hannibal knows about his bullet wound scar, but he doesn't want Hannibal to touch it.

The look in Hannibal's eyes is one that's unreadable, so Will makes sure he does an action that is very readable. One that shows that his intention was not to stop Hanninal, but instead divert him to another area.

He lifts Hannibal's hand to his lips, and kisses the palm of his hand. Hannibal's pupils expand, and Will can hear his exhale. His lips part, and when Will releases his wrist, he slides his hand back to tangle in Will's damp curls.

Hannibal is shocked that he doesn't have to move, because Will beats him to it. The younger man pressed forward, climbing half way into Hannibal's lap to connect their lips.

Will keeps his hands to himself, on his thighs, and allows Hannibal to guide his face to control how they kiss. He starts them out gentle and slow, and builds quickly to bringing out his teeth and tongue to join the discussion.

Hannibal's girlfriend breathes just beside them as Will pushes him to lay on his back. Hannibal's head is mere feet away from Alana's, and he brings up his hand to snap a few times in her ear.

No response.

Will takes that as a green light.

First, he wants to discuss what happened.

"I should've pushed her outside. Or lunged when you had her there," Will confesses, leaning down to kiss along Hannibal's stomach. He looks like a predator about to devour his first meal. "She had the upper hand in that house. All it took was for her to get behind a locked door and our plan was useless."

Hannibal sighs, and threads his hand through Will's curls. He just rests his hand on Will's head, but the threat of control is prevalent. "You weren't properly equipped. It was my fault for sending you in blind."

"It was spur of the moment," Will gave him that benefit of the doubt, "but we were so close."

“Margot is in police custody, according to Mr. Bloom.” Hannibal hums as Will pulls down his sweatpants in the front. He spreads his thighs, and Will slides down between them.

“Perfect,” Will purrs, and he nuzzles into Hannibal’s clothed crotch. He uses his hand to cup Hannibal’s cock, and he massages it to encourage blood flow.

Will’s fingers catch on the hem of Hannibal’s boxers, and Will pulls them down just far enough so he has access to all of Hannibal.

Hannibal can’t help but watch in awe as Will starts to suckle bruises into his inner thigh while he strokes him to a hard state. Once Hannibal is stiff enough, Will swallows all of him.

Alana has given him oral before, just as he has given her oral… but Will is a complete and utter natural at this.

He sucks and bobs around Hannibal at a steady and bouncing pace. Will takes him just far enough down so Hannibal can feel the open space of where his esophagus starts.

Hannibal wonders if he put Will in the right position if he would be able to reach all the way into that esophagus.

Will digs his nails into Hannibal’s thighs, and tries to deny his gag reflex, but he fails and ends up having to pull completely off of Hannibal. After a few gasping breaths, Will tries to engage in more conversation.

“I know we joked… but now I’m curious.” Will strokes Hannibal’s now spit-slick cock in his dominant hand, “Are you a virgin?”

“I was,” Hannibal swallows as he tips back his head, curling his toes as Will focuses on the very tip of his penis, “Until you and I were setting up for tonight. She decided we needed to have sex.”

Will winces when he thinks about the time frame. “I’m sorry,” He feels guilty for Hannibal’s unfortunate loss of virginity, since this was his spur of the moment idea.

“She’s cheating on me,” Hannibal glances over at her, and he can’t even stand to look at her. He’s afraid it’ll ruin his mood.

“And you’re cheating on her,” Will smirks, and just like the ornery fucker he is, he goes right back to using his mouth for magic.

To be fair, he hadn’t actually commenced in the act of cheating until now… but he has been pining for Will ever since he met him.

“You’re the one performing fellatio on me,” Hannibal argues, but his thoughts are swirling as Will attacks his cock with a perfect rhythm and wet warmth.

“Just wait until I ask you to fuck me,” Will pulls off only to speak, and no longer. He stares up at Hannibal as he searches his face to watch each reaction he lets out.

Hannibal is processing that request at the same time that Will is tonging at his head, and he groans so loud he actually fears he might wake Alana despite her sedative.

Will shifts uncomfortably on the bed, trying to relieve some of the pressure on his cock, but no matter how he wiggles, he can't manage.

Hannibal doesn't need to say anything. He knows Will will eventually snap and touch himself. He can feel that impulse like a thick smog in the air.

In fact, it takes much less time than Hannibal had thought it would. Hannibal can feel Will shift so he can jerk himself off while still having Hannibal comfortably seated in his throat.

Will does his best to not falter with his pace even as he strokes himself. Hannibal can smell Will's precome, and he gets the overwhelming urge to taste it.

The scent of sex in the air makes Hannibal's head spin, and he tightens his grip in Will's hair as warning before he is forced to take Hannibal's sperm down his throat. He pulls Will off of his cock, and Hannibal comes all across his stomach and chest.

Will whines when he sees the display, and he sits up so he can jerk himself off where Hannibal can see him. Hannibal's seen Will's cock flaccid before, but it's even more gorgeous at its fullest potential.

Will fucks into his hand, and makes truly sinful noises as he gets close to orgasm. He's swearing, but he's also calling Hannibal's name in there. It sounds natural, and like this isn't the first time he's said it in this manner.

He doesn't give any spoken warning for when he's coming, but Hannibal can tell the precise moment that Will knows he's going to come.

Hannibal watches in awe as Will spills over his chest, and he strokes his softening cock as Will makes a mess over Hannibal for the second time. Will leans over when he's done, supporting himself overtop Hannibal.

With one hand, he drags two fingers through their combined semen painted on Hannibal's stomach, and he brings it up to Hannibal's mouth. He doesn't have to say anything, Hannibal just opens eagerly.

He sucks the fingers into his mouth, and thoroughly cleans them by circling his tongue around each of the two digits.

Will watches in fascination as Hannibal sucks on him, devouring their shared pleasure. He can feel the sharp points of Hannibal's incisors against his knuckles.

Hannibal loosens his grip on Will's fingers, and he removes them slowly. The trail of spit that follows catches both of their eyes.

Will lowers himself so he can kiss Hannibal gently. Even on his lips, Will can taste their shared release. He dives deeper, shoving his tongue inside so he can taste the walls of Hannibal's mouth. They both groan as they share the delicious taste of passion.

They truly are better together.

Principal Frederick Chilton

Chapter Notes

> Holy shit I'm back for more??? I totally forgot about this story until very recently, and I decided it was time to keep writing!
>
> I felt like a genius when I came up with this idea of a Hannibal Scream AU, so I need to continue it!

It was four in the morning before Hannibal decided it was time to move Will to the floor, and he did so very reluctantly.

Even with Alana Bloom on the bed, being wrapped around one another in the midnight hours was so pleasant that they wondered why they never took that leap before.

They had slept in the same bed a few times when Will was too tired to get out of Hannibal's bed and onto the floor, but they had never dared to touch one another before. Now, they're tangled together on top of the covers.

They talked and talked, napped a little, kissed a few more times, but eventually they knew Alana would start to fight her way back to the waking world through the sedatives.

And the last thing they need right now is a breakup, even if Hannibal did have a justified reason to call attention to their separation with Alana cheating on him.

Breaking up with her before she's murdered would make building a believable profile so much harder, so Hannibal must maintain appearances.

It's easier to convince the cops that you loved your girlfriend and would never do anything to hurt her, than it is to convince them that revenge on your cheating ex was not necessary after she went and whored with Zeller.

Will doesn't sleep after he leaves Hannibal's bed, and he feels a burning jealousy—*anger*—within him at the fact that Alana gets to sleep in his bed right beside Hannibal despite all she has done to him.

Hannibal doesn't deserve to be treated so lowly, and Will would never disrespect him in that way. His relationship with Margot is very casual, and Will is 99% sure she's gay, and is only dating Will to maintain appearances in her family.

Which is fine by Will. He has no desire to sleep with her or make this relationship last any longer than it needs to. Margot will be useful once the day comes.

Tonight Margot is in custody, awaiting phone records to come back to prove her pleads of innocence. She tells the police that she has never seen the phone before, and that she's not sure how it made it onto her person.

They won't be able to pull the records until the morning, so she sleeps in a holding cell. Will thinks about forming his script in his head on how to pretend to be the upset boyfriend who couldn't believe this happened to his darling girl.

Even though he was the one to plant it on her after he realized that Alana was going to escape him.

Soon enough it's seven, and Alana stretches out and looks down towards the floor where Will sleeps. He looks back up at her and gives the most genuine smile he can muster up despite the anger he feels inside.

"Good morning, Will," Alana brushes her fingers through her hair to try and tame out some of the more wild locks. "How'd you sleep?"

There. There's a good entrance.

"Couldn't. I'm worried about Margot," Will sits up from his bed and rubs at his face to try and bring some color back into it, "How about you?"

"I don't even remember falling asleep," Alana giggles, "Sorry I didn't say hello yesterday."

"It's alright," Will stands from his bed and looks over to where Hannibal still pretends to sleep. He's been awake for some time now too, "Do you want some coffee?"

"I would love some, thank you," Alana turns to look over to where Hannibal sleeps, and then back towards Will, "I'll stay with him, if that's okay?"

Will hesitates for a moment, because he doesn't really want to leave them alone again. Hannibal can only tolerate so much, and Will doesn't want him to snap, "Ah- yeah, I'll bring a cup in for him too."

Hannibal's face still stays stoic like he's asleep, but Will can feel the pull that he wishes for him to stay. Will makes his way downstairs, and he realizes that Robertus has already made a pot of coffee and left.

Will would just simply take the three cups up, but he knows that Alana is surely kissing Hannibal awake and trying to make her boyfriend pay attention to her.

So, he pours his own cup and adds his cream with sugar to the coffee. He goes to sit on the couch, but as he's squatting down the phone starts to ring.

It's usually impolite to answer the phone at another person's house without their permission, and he lets it ring three times to give Hannibal an escape from Alana, but he doesn't come down the stairs.

"Hello? Lecter household," Will answers the phone.

“Is Alana Bloom still there?” The voice on the other end asks.

“Can I ask who’s calling?”

“Sheriff Jack Crawford, who am I speaking to?”

“Will Graham. Alana’s sleeping, can I take a message?”

“Oh, Margot’s boyfriend! You’re probably the one who’d want to hear first, then. Margot has been released from custody with a clean phone bill.”

“That’s great, officer. I will let Alana know once she wakes up for school.” Will tugs on the phone cord a few times while he waits for Crawford to clear up the formalities of a goodbye.

When he hangs up, he glances at the clock and realizes they really should get ready for school, so he grabs two cups of coffee and takes them upstairs.

The door is still open from when he left earlier, so he doesn’t even have to knock, and just one glance inside reveals Hannibal on top of Alana, kissing her like he kissed Will last night.

Will clears his throat in the doorway, and Alana pushes Hannibal off of her. Will can see how Hannibal is displeased with himself with the way he’s looking at him. He wishes Will had come back sooner so he wouldn’t have had to do that.

He hates kissing her, she’s too timid but at the same time too grope-y. Hannibal can feel his skin crawl where she touched him. He can’t wait to shower tonight and think of replacing those hand impressions with Will’s larger calloused ones.

“I brought coffee,” Will holds the cups out as he enters the open door to Hannibal’s room, “and Sheriff Crawford called while I was down there.”

“What did he need?” Hannibal asks, and Will hands him the hot cup of black coffee. He brews the nice stuff, and it always smells good mixed with Hannibal’s natural scent.

“Margot was released this morning,” Will plays his part in pissed boyfriend when he continues, “I had to resist busting her out of there all night long. She didn’t do that shit.”

Alana gives that pouty look that she puts on when she’s unsure of things, and takes her cup from Will, “I really couldn’t be sure… she’ll never forgive me, but I was so scared.”

Hannibal wraps his arm around her waist and kisses the side of her head, “She’ll understand. You’ve been friends for years, she knows how your mother’s passing has changed you. You’re just cautious.”

“I don’t want to be changed,” Alana wipes her eyes, but there are no tears.

Hannibal holds her against him in a warm embrace, and Will takes that as his cue to leave. He brushes his teeth in the bathroom, shaves the stubble from his face, and gets dressed within five minutes.

Once he's done, Hannibal has finally comforted Alana enough that she leaves his side and moves into the bathroom to find the spare toothbrush.

Hannibal sits alone on the bed and strips off his shirt, he's not a fan of the way that Alana smells—she's too floral—but his shirt only smells like her after their time rolling around in bed.

Will scans over Hannibal's chest and notices a hickey on his abdomen that Alana must have left last night before their plans were foiled.

How he hadn't seen it when they were grinding together is a mystery, but now it fills him with that same rage he has been boiling up inside of him all morning.

Will moves over to Hannibal and grabs his chin to lift his head up, he leans in really close when he growls, "I want her dealt with by the end of the month."

Will's thumb and pointer finger travel down so he can grab the bruised skin between them and pinch the already purple skin.

Hannibal groans at this dark side of Will, and pulls him into his lap so he can kiss those dangerous lips, "Of course."

That leaves Hannibal a little less than two weeks to work out their new plan and execute Alana once and for all, "And I want you to help me."

Hannibal is the one that usually makes the calls, very rarely is he wearing Ghostface and slashing. Never have they worn Ghostface at the same time. The thought excites them both to the point where Will's legs start to shake, and Hannibal is starting to form an erection.

"I promise," Hannibal whispers, and he leaves one last harsh kiss to Will's lips before he stands to get dressed in his school clothes for the day. They both wait patiently for Alana to finish in the bathroom, and when she does, Hannibal takes her place.

Will and Alana are left alone for what seems like the first time ever—except when he tried to kill her last night—and the static silence makes Will's skin crawl. He hates this woman more than anyone or anything else, and his fingers itch with the urge to snap her neck.

Hannibal is quick in the bathroom, and they're leaving almost on time for school. They're just a few minutes late, but none of their first period teachers mind, since they had been informed of the incident last night by police, and how Will and Hannibal were caring for Alana.

Right around lunch, Alana meets up with Hannibal at his locker, and she tries to pretend that everything is normal. She talks to him about the upcoming physics test she's worried about, and how she wishes that he was in that class.

Hannibal explains that she could go home if she wanted to, take a day off, "You shouldn't be here," he puts it as gently as he can.

Just as he's about to explain it further, the class bell rings out, and the face that Alana has seen on the news, and in her home comes running and screaming down the halls.

He flails his arms and runs like a chicken with its head cut off. Hannibal's brows furrow in disgust, and he can hear Will's mumble in his mind, "Tasteless."

Alana sees the masked figure, and she burrows her face into her hands, mostly out of embarrassment, but somewhat out of fear, "Why are they doing this?"

Hannibal isn't able to wipe the expression off of his face in time, and Alana sees the angry disgust that she has never seen from her boyfriend before.

It scares her more than the poser Ghostface had.

She feels the itch in her legs to run, so she hoists her backpack on her shoulder and jogs away like she wasn't in the middle of a conversation.

Running in the halls is not permitted for a reason, and Alana finds that reason out in a very unfortunate way. Right as she finds the intersection with another hallway, she runs right into somebody else who didn't have time to react.

Margot stands strong and absorbs the impact despite her shock. Alana's face drains of all color as she realizes whose arms are wrapped around her right now.

"Are you okay?" Margot asks, looking Alana right in the eyes. She doesn't look mad.

Alana rubs her eyes again, feeling her frustration build within her, "I want to go home."

"We can spend the night at my house," Margot offers.

This makes Alana freeze, "Shouldn't you be mad at me?"

"Do you really think I did it?" Margot asks with a raised eyebrow.

"I know someone was there," Alana pleads.

"Cops said that I scared them off," Margot holds Alana by the shoulders, "I'm not mad at you."

"You should be, though," Alana groans, "I'm so fucking fucked in the head. Even Hannibal thinks so."

"I'm sure he didn't say it like that," Margot chastises, "He isn't rude to you like you are to yourself."

"That doesn't mean he doesn't think it though," Alana grits her teeth together, "I know all of you think of me as a broken fucked up freak, you're just too polite to say it."

"Alana," Margot says with her eyebrows furrowed, scolding such behavior, "that's not true."

“I don’t need you to tell me what’s the truth, Margot,” Alana snaps, and yet again, she runs.

This time she has a destination in mind… the women’s bathroom.

Right as she walks in, she’s met with the gossip of two popular girls who act like nobody can hear them. When Alana hears her name in their loudly spoken conversation through the stall walls, she enters her own stall.

“I bet Alana slaughtered Beverly and Anthony,” One girl says, “I think she had the hots for Anthony and killed them both in a jealous rage.”

“No way!” The other girl says, “She’s dating that European looker, Hannibal Lecter.”

“Who knows, maybe she takes after her mom,” The first girl speaks again, “Spreading her legs for anyone who will get between them.”

Alana feels a stab through her heart at that truth. Not just *anyone*, but it was—unfortunately—Zeller that ended up between her legs, despite her relationship with Hannibal.

The lies about her mother anger her more than her own unloyalty, though. So she doesn’t focus on her shortcomings, and instead starts to break down at the rumors going around about her deceased mother.

More conversation ensues as they wash their hands, more details about how they think Alana is suicidal and looking for attention through mudering fellow classmates.

They finally leave once they both lose interest in the gossip, and just as Alana starts to cry her muffled little sobs, she hears a male whisper.

Very faint, but there.

“Alana.”

It’s like a whisper on the wind. So quiet that she dismisses it as a mistake in her brain with the air vent.

“Alana.”

A little louder, but still so soft that she’s really not sure if she’s hearing anything at all.

“Is someone there?” Alana asks, her voice cracking as fear surrounds her.

Her instincts tell her that they are in the stall, so she drops to the ground to inspect further.

To her horror, one by one, two brown work boots drop from the toilet seat with muscular calves attached to them. Next, drops the black cloak of the Ghostface killer who tried to kill her last night.

Just as she lets out a gasp, the latch of the stall opens and the door is flung as the Ghostface figure lunges at her. To her shock, he isn’t holding a knife.

So, she doesn't fear getting closer to him to push towards the exit. She escapes and calls for help immediately, in which the school is called into an evacuation.

The perpetrator is caught, and no one is surprised to see Matthew Brown being escorted out of the building in handcuffs by police for investigation.

Reporters outside are filming, and Alana walks by Phylis Crawford as she is explaining what cruel joke was played today in the highschool with the Ghostface killer's mask and costume.

With Matthew's removal from the building, Principal Chilton comes onto the radio and explains that classes have been canceled until further notice under the direction of the Police Department.

Margot holds Alana's hand as they listen to the announcement, and wastes no time walking away, despite the absence of Hannibal from their group.

"We're not leaving you alone anymore, got it? You go pee, I go pee, we go together," Margot scolds Alana. She should be mad at her for her behavior, but truly she's just glad that she's safe.

"That only works in the rule of three," Will inserts, trailing behind the two of them, "How about we have a…" he thinks of a word but the best he can settle on doesn't seem appropriate for the circumstances, "party at my house. My parents won't be there to bother us."

"That sounds like a great idea," Margot turns towards Will and smiles, "What do you say, Alana? We'll all be safer that way."

After a moment of thinking, she rolls her eyes and cracks a small smile, "Oh, alright. It couldn't hurt to have some fun, too."

"Bring some snacks that you want, our pantry is empty," Will pulls out his phone and sends a text, but to whom, Margot and Alana can't see.

"Alright, see you soon," Margot leans up to kiss his cheek, and she thanks him briefly before walking away with Alana

***

Principal Chilton wasn't expecting a knock on his door as he was fooling around in the mirror with the Ghostface mask that he had confiscated from a student he expelled earlier in the day, and it causes him to jump.

"Who is it?" He calls out and tries to hide the mask behind his back as he turns towards the door. When nobody answers his call, he opens the door and looks out into the hallway.

Nobody should still be in the building, maybe besides a few janitors.

He ignores it. Maybe he was hearing things. He turns back towards his mirror and imagines himself as a powerful killer who is terrifying the whole town!

Another succession of knocks, and this time Chilton doesn't bother calling out. He hurries towards the door and looks out in the hall. Nobody again!

He's certain of what he heard this time, but the perpetrator disappeared before he came to the door. This time, he closes the door and stands just next to it, ready to grab the handle.

When he hears the knock this time, he opens it and runs out into the hallways. He goes down one end, and then down the other. When he finds nobody, he frantically looks through the wide open room of receptionist desks in the office.

He looks out into one of the school hallways, and the only person he sees there is Fred, their janitor. He startled him when he opens the door, but he doesn't apologize.

With a frustrated huff Chilton returns to his office and flings open his closet. He finds no one in it, so he deems it safe to close the door.

It's probably just some student that has a grudge against him trying to scare him.

When he shuts the door, it's a fraction of a second before he feels a sharp stab in his abdomen, multiple times.

Warm copper blood spills out onto his pristine suit, and he looks into the Ghostface mask's elongated face as he feels himself bleed out.

Behind that mask, Hannibal thinks of just how easy it was to exterminate this roach. The fool never thought to look up into the tiled ceiling… not once.

That would be the cause of his demise.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! If you have any questions/compliments/critiques about this fic, please leave them in the comments. Since this is an uncommon AU, I expect there to be some questions, so ask away!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!